

## JEROME RAIDER REARDON IS HELD ON TWO CHARGES

Magistrate Crane Puts the County Detective Under \$100 Bail in Each Case.

ALSO GIVES A REBUKE.

Asst. District Attorney Smith Fails in Effort to Have Reardon Discharged.

The charges of oppression brought against County Detective Edward Reardon and Lieutenant Detective Wasserman by Barney Marks, a cigar-maker, of No. 123 Broome street, were heard by Magistrate Crane in the Tombs Court today. These are the charges that were decided by the District Attorney and fostered by Commissioner Bingham. Mr. Jerome was very reluctant to prosecute them, but was forced to do so by the attitude of Gen. Bingham.

When the two raiders were arraigned before Magistrate Crane today, Assistant District Attorney Smith appeared in the role of people's counsel. Abraham Levy was counsel for the defense and John T. McGovern, of No. 141 Broadway, appeared as attorney for Marks, the complainant.

**Marks Accuses Levy.**

Marks said that on the evening of Nov. 7 he went into a rooming at No. 29 Grand street to collect \$5 from him for cigars. While waiting for the proprietor to come out and pay him Reardon's ruffian hand burst in. Reardon had a revolver in each hand, declared Marks. He asked Marks what he was doing in there. The cigar-maker said he was waiting to collect some money. He said Reardon jumped at him, calling him a vile name.

"He struck at me with his pistol," said Marks, "and had not this man Wasserman jumped in between us I do not believe I would be here now to tell the tale."

Marks denied that he had charged Reardon with taking his property after he had been thrown into a patrol wagon and driven to the police station. He said he had not been disturbed. A razor that was taken from him was restored.

In reply to questions by Mr. Levy, the complainant did not recall whether he had mentioned Reardon's assault on him in the police station or the police court on the day after the arrest. Two weeks later he had been interviewed by Police Headquarters men and accompanied them to Mulberry street. There he told of the alleged act of oppression.

**Has a Good Reputation.**

The cigar-maker's own counsel brought out that he had lived in the same neighborhood thirty-nine years, had never been arrested and never had a judgment taken against him. He had seen no gambling in the district since the time he was made. As his eyesight is impaired he could not swear whether there was any gambling going on or not. He had seen in the place six or seven times and had noticed no gambling.

At the conclusion of the examination Mr. Levy asked that the charge of oppression against Reardon be dismissed. Assistant District Attorney Smith was of the same opinion, and argued with some heat that no case against the Jerome detective had been made out. The Court denied the motion to dismiss and held the defendant for Special Session in \$100 bail on the Marks charge.

**Court Rebukes Him.**

When he said to Reardon that he probably would have no trouble in putting up a \$100 bond the detective shouted out:

"I could put up \$100,000 if necessary." Magistrate Crane reprimanded him severely for this remark and ordered that the second case be called against him. This was the case of Ruth Kirsch, a stenographer, of No. 123 Broome street, Brooklyn. The complaint also alleged oppression.

Miss Kirsch said that she had gone into the saloon of her cousin, at No. 90 Mulberry street, for a drink on November 1 to meet her father. While she was there Reardon and his ruffian broke in and forced their way into a back room where they began clubbing heads. Then Reardon came into her and thrust a revolver under her nose, calling her a vile name.

There was no corroborating testimony, and as in the former case, Reardon denied that any such incident had occurred. In both cases he asserted, he had been the one disrespectfully referred to. He had struck Marks when the cigar-maker had called him a vile name, but he had made no attack upon the girl.

Mr. Levy characterized the stenographer's charge as ridiculous, but the Court held Reardon in another \$100 bail for Special Session. The third case, which includes Wasserman as defendant, was postponed until next Thursday.

**WHAT CAUSES HEADACHES?**  
From October to May colds are the most frequent cause of headache. LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE removes cause. E. W. Groves on box. 50c. 25c.

**Stop!**

When you come to the thousands of "Want" ads. to be printed in to-morrow's Sunday World.

**Read!**

them and you will find they are interesting as well as instructive.

**Think!**

over some of the "offers" of Positions, Workers, Homes, Loans, Investments, Bargains, &c., they will present. Then

**Act!**

## \$10,000 NECKLACE FOUND IN SNOW, EXPOSED TO VIEW

Mrs. Dominick Discovers Costly Bauble After Hundreds Mine for It.

MISSED AT THE OPERA.

But Jewels Fell Off in Front of House of Banker's Wealthy Widow.

Those persons who spent a busy hour grubbing in the snow and ice in front of the Metropolitan Opera-House last night looking for Mrs. William Gayner Dominick's \$10,000 necklace will be rejoiced, no doubt, to know that the lost has been found. Furthermore, it was the owner herself who recovered it.

Mrs. Dominick is the widow of a noted banker. The necklace, a heavy circle of diamonds and pearls, was a gift from her husband and she prized it above all her other jewels. With her son, William F. Dominick, she drove last night from her home, at No. 30 East Fifty-seventh street, to the opera. As she alighted from her carriage a d opened her cloak she discovered that the necklace was missing from the door when she started downtown, but about five feet to the west.

The carriage had been driven away to make room for other vehicles. The son chased the disappearing carriage, hoping to find the necklace in its interior, while Mrs. Dominick implored Traffic Police men to hold back the arriving string of vehicles until she could explore the tramped snow at the curb. Failing to find the bauble, Mrs. Dominick, very much distressed, went inside the opera-house, while young Mr. Dominick hurried home to question the servants.

Mrs. Dominick finally returned to her house. Members of the household had already gone over the street and the pavement in front of the house with lanterns. But Mrs. Dominick recalled that because of a heap of snow the carriage had not halted directly in front of the door when she started downtown, but about five feet to the west.

After a sleepless night she dressed at daylight and went out to make a search for herself. Right where she remembered getting into the carriage the necklace was lying, half covered by snow, yet in plain sight of any passer-by. A cab wheel had missed it by half an inch, but it was not damaged.

## MURDERED KING AND CROWN PRINCE BORNE TO GRAVE

Lisbon Thronged With Mourners While Troops Guard Funeral Cortège.

LISBON, Feb. 8.—The funeral services over the bodies of King Carlos and his son Luiz, Crown Prince of Portugal, who were shot to death a week ago today on the Prado de Comercio, were held in the Church of San Vincente this afternoon. The ceremonies were simple but impressive, and the final act in the bloody tragedy of Feb. 1 was carried to a close without any untoward incident.

The line of the funeral procession from the royal chapel in the palace to the church was guarded by troops, additional regiments having been brought in for the purpose.

All the governments of Europe and America were represented by special missions.

The streets were thronged with people. They poured in from the towns and cities. In the crowd were large numbers of simple peasants and tradesmen from the provinces who knew or cared nothing of politics, but who wished only to mourn the dead leaders.

The route of march between the Palace and the church was densely lined by the mourning people. One point, however, was carefully avoided by the spectators. This was the spot where the murders were committed. Had it not been for the presence of a cavalry picket this part of the Prado would have been absolutely deserted.

Yielding to earnest solicitations, King Manuel did not take part in the procession. He and his mother, Queen Amélie, and the mother of the late King, Queen Maria Pia, were present in the services in the mortuary chapel, and followed the coffins to the door of the chapel, whence they returned to the palace.

**CONVICTED PASTOR  
WILL PREACH SERMON.**

Rev. J. R. Kaye, Facing Prison for Counterfeiting, Will Hold Pulpit To-morrow.

CHICAGO, Feb. 8.—The novel spectacle of a convicted counterfeiter filling the pulpit is to be offered to-morrow at the First Congregational Church of Theban.

The Rev. James R. Kaye, the pastor, who was recently convicted in the United States District Court at Springfield of counterfeiting, will preach both morning and evening, as well as direct the Sunday-school.

The congregation is a unit in believing in the "moral innocence" of Kaye.

A cough or sore throat should not be neglected. A simple remedy, free from opiates, E. W. Groves, 50c. 25c.

## Mrs. Glyn Goes Away From Here, But She Threatens to Come Back.

No Pilgrim Mothers Escort Author of "Three Weeks" to the Pier.

SHE'S TRULY CHARMED.

Said It Before, but It's Still True, and the Book Sold So Well.

Just before Mrs. Elinor Glyn sailed away to-day on the large and commodious Lusitania she told the reporters that she would be back again in about four weeks.

There were nine reporters grouped about her, and eight of them, with ready repartee, said instantly:

"Oh, Mrs. Glyn, don't you mean 'Three Weeks'?"

Just as usual. The reporter subsequently explained in a shamefaced way that he had thought of the same thing, and that only a slight impediment in his speech had kept him from coming down to the pier abreast of the others. But his explanation went unheeded. It is reported that he may resign.

Aside from this, no untoward incident marred the departure of the famous English novelist, whose book and press agent have done so much for her during her visit in America.

**Only One Friend With Her.**

Mrs. Glyn came aboard accompanied by only one person, a young woman—a very dear friend, she explained—who declined to give her name. None of the Pilgrim Mothers were on hand. And none of the Pilgrim Fathers, if there are any Pilgrim Fathers.

Mrs. Glyn was all in purple—purple velvet cloak with the fur of some kind of a small purple animal on the collar and cuffs, purple frock of broadcloth—a symphony in purples, tints that contrasted well with her crown of temperamental navy, well-nigh emotional blonde hair.

By special request the Cunard people left her name off the sailing list, but somehow—how—knows—the news percolated. Mrs. Glyn had been assigned to stateroom No. 104. But she didn't like it, and so the purser transferred her luggage to No. 39, which is nearer shipside.

**She Says It Again.**

It was just after the transfer had been accomplished that the reporters found her and pulled off that clever ruse, one of the three and the four—

"Let me say now, on the eve of my departure," said Mrs. Glyn, "that I am truly charmed with America. I have said it before, and I say it again. I have been royally entertained at country homes and the town houses of so many of your charming society people whom I had met on the other side—people who had read my book, you know, and I could say my books—and liked them."

Somebody recalled to mind the incident of the author's visit to the Pilgrim Mothers' meeting, when things were said.

"The less said about that affair the better," stated Mrs. Glyn. "I was terribly annoyed in my remarks concerning my treatment by the Pilgrim Mothers. The reporters who came to see me possibly caught the spirit of the meaning, but they used their own language and put words into my mouth which I would never dream of using."

**Not Cats—Chattering Sparrows.**

"Then you never really called the Pilgrim Mothers a lot of cats?" asked a reporter.

"No, I did not," said Mrs. Glyn, thus in four words correcting a report which had been spread broadcast. "But it is a harsh term which I would never use. Moreover, the ladies did not greatly remind me of cats. They reminded me more of a collection of little sparrows chattering under the eaves."

"The outrageous way in which the Pilgrim Mothers treated me has not, however, disillusioned me in my admiration for America and Americans in general," said Mrs. Glyn. "Of course, the notoriety that was given to the affair helped to sell my book. Otherwise, I would very much deplore it."

After which the Lusitania got under way for Europe.

## OLD BALL PLAYER ACCUSES HIS WIFE

BROKE INTO BANK IN BROAD DAYLIGHT.

It Was a Horse, Not a Burglar, and It Dragged a Sleigh Behind.

Forebode entrance was made into the Manufacturers Bank, at Broadway and Berry street, Williamsburg, shortly after the paying teller's window opened to-day. The attack never really reached the paying teller's window, although bits of flying glass rained over his eyes and splattered over a wealth of greenbacks left in packages. The disturbance was mainly external.

It was 9:10 o'clock when a crash was heard—a noise like the familiar bank crash heard so frequently of late in Manhattan, but a real grinding, crunching sound—as a horse and sleigh battered against the iron railing outside, and the shafts of the sleigh rammed in an expensive colored window. The collision of horse and bank brought a crowd up to the animal's assistance. It was severely cut about the chest and head and may have to be killed.

The finish of the frightened horse came after a five-mile race almost the entire length of Bedford avenue, starting at Lincoln road.

Several times the horse side-swiped street cars, and many efforts were made to halt the wild career, that of Policeman Schroeder, at rushing away, being one of the notable attempts.

John H. Walker, of No. 13 Van Buren street, owns the horse. The animal became frightened while Mr. Walker was making a business call and dashed off.

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Thanks for Back View of Elinor Glyn Leaving America To-day, She Is the Author of "Three Weeks." (Photographed Especially for The Evening World by a Staff Artist.)



## WIFE BARS HIM FROM CHILD AND CALLS POLICE THOSE STORIES ABOUT DOG COPS ARE REAL MEAN

William Kelly Arrested for Sixth Time for Trying to See Daughter. Deputy Woods Says They Are Good Policemen and Chase Thieves Only.

"I want my wife to let me see our little daughter," said William Kelly, superintendent of the Raquet and Tennis Club, today after he had been arrested and taken to the Night Court for quarrelling with his wife, Mrs. Isabelle Kelly, in front of her home, at No. 24 West Twenty-fourth street.

While the dispute over the possession of the child, a pretty little girl, was at its height, a policeman, attracted by the squabble, came up and led Mr. Kelly away. Mrs. Kelly followed. In court Magistrate Herman heard their stories.

"If my wife would bring our child with her I would gladly install them in the best hotel in New York this very day," Mrs. Kelly declared.

"On an always says something like that when I am arrested," Mrs. Kelly angrily replied when the Magistrate asked her what she thought of the proposition.

Mr. Kelly, who is a man of apparent gentle nature, explained to Magistrate Herman that being in court wasn't new to him. "Since we separated six years ago," said Mrs. Kelly, "I have had me arrested six times. In each case my crime was trying to see my little daughter, as the court direct I should have the privilege of doing twice a week."

Kelly said he had called to see the child when the quarrel began. Magistrate Herman was puzzled and got no encouragement when he dutifully tried to negotiate a reconciliation. He discharged Kelly and told him not to bother Mrs. Kelly. At the same time he warned the wife that she must obey the order of the court and allow the father to see his daughter or the girl might be taken from her.

**GOT MAD**  
When Told that Coffee Hurt Him.

One of the evidences that coffee is injurious to the nervous system is the fact that many persons who are addicted to its use grow wrathful when the suggestion is made that coffee causes them to "flare up" so easily.

A doctor writes:

"Coffee three times a day—I thought I could not get along without it. I was never well, prone to get excited and often trembled, but any suggestion that coffee was not good for me made me furious."

"I noticed the tendency to become excited was growing on me. My hands and feet were cold, fingers looked shriveled, liver inactive, constipated, coated tongue, bad breath and general lower vitality. (A perfect picture of caffeine poisoning.)"

"A friend strongly advised me to give up coffee and use Postum, so I tried the change a few weeks and found a marked improvement in temper, nerves and general condition. I felt so firm that I thought I could go back to coffee. Three times I tried it, but always had to quit coffee and return to Postum."

"Being a physician with a large practice and plenty of experience, it was hard for me to believe that coffee could have such a profound effect on my system. Perhaps my fondness for the beverage made me loath to admit its ill effects."

"For several years now I have ordered hundreds of patients to quit coffee and have prescribed Postum instead, with good results to the patients and more prompt response to my medicines." "There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville" in pink.

## HUSBAND FLEES AS HIS WIFE DIES OF STARVATION

Five Little Children of the Spencers Left Without Food or Fuel.

Six months ago Charles Spencer came from England with his wife and five children. The little flock, all rosy, healthy and happy, passed the Ellis Island health gauntlet with honors and embarked in the land of rich promise with highest hopes.

They found a little home at No. 267 Fifty-eighth street, Brooklyn. Spencer sought work. There was nothing doing the first day. Tired and hungry, he walked home, but he was undismayed. Another day passed, and still no work came and days passed, and finally the Spencer rainy day fund petered out.

The poor cheeks disappeared. Winter came and found no home on the feet of the Spencer children. Mother and father were aging with care. And then the little mother of the flock collapsed. There wasn't any money to get a doctor or any money to buy medicine. There wasn't any coal to make a fire. There wasn't any food to nourish the woman's failing strength.

In the little two rooms the Spencers—father, mother and five children—starved and suffered. They had too much pride to seek help. Each day the oldest boy—in his bare feet—ran out and gathered up wood to make a fire.

Somebody told a policeman yesterday of their pitiable plight, and the policeman called an ambulance. The doctor said it was a case for the Charities department. Arrangements were made to move the mother to the Kings County Hospital to-day.

The climax came at 4 o'clock this morning and the mother was dead. The neighbors rushed from the house and saw the mother lying on the floor. The walls of the Spencer children followed his flight.

The neighbors found Mrs. Spencer dead. A policeman came and said it might be suicide. He summoned the coroner and the coroner sent for his physician.

Exposure and starvation did it," said the doctor.

The neighbors took care of the children and the police are seeking the father. It is feared he may take his life.

**"L" ROAD BANDIT  
SAID TO BE CAUGHT.**

Boston Man Who Held Up Pay Car Believed to Be Prisoner Caught Here.

In James Lyvett, a young man with half a dozen aliases, whom Detective Agents Carey and Savage arrested today at No. 27 West Fifteenth street, the police think they have the brains of the "Party Thieves" gang of Boston who last summer robbed a pay car on the Boston Elevated Railroad of \$130.

The search for Lyvett has been active ever since the Boston police located a letter containing proofs that he was in this city. The detectives who made the arrest shadowed the Fifteenth street address for several weeks, but did not see Lyvett till early today, when he entered the house accompanied by another man known to the police as Billy Miller, the "Butt Kid."

John M. Miller, the station master whom the gang robbed, identified Lyvett at Police Headquarters, and said that he had been in the pay car on the Boston Elevated Railroad of \$130.

The annual dinner of the Delaware Valley Society will be given to-night at the Hotel Manhattan. The scheduled speakers are ex-Judge M. Linn Bruce, the Rev. Dr. J. W. Hill, of the Metropolitan Temple, Lafayette B. Gleason, P. J. Seating, President of the Delaware and Eastern Railroad, and others. Charles T. White will preside.

**Greenhut and Company**  
Dry Goods  
An Extraordinary Clearance Sale

There will begin at this store on Monday next a stock-clearing movement which in some respects has had no counterpart or precedent in New York retailing.

The movement is a preliminary to an early and extensive showing of Spring goods and is planned to reduce to the lowest limit all merchandise now in stock.

To this end, the reductions have been made with an energy relentless and unsparring. As the whole city knows, the original prices were very moderate and the goods themselves of the finest grades known to the world's markets.

A very important feature is that these reductions have been made on staple goods of year-around usefulness as well as on the "seasonable" lines. The values presented in curtains, rugs, cut glass, silverware, blankets, jewelry and shoes, for example, are as great as those given in women's and other wearing apparel.

The Herald, American and World of to-morrow, Sunday, will give further details. They will be found well worth reading.

Sixth Avenue, Eighteenth to Nineteenth Street, New York  
(Formerly occupied by B. Altman & Co.)

**SUNDAY WORLD WANTS WORK MONDAY MORNING WONDERS**

## GIRL RENTS ROOM AND ENDS LIFE WITH A ROPE

Unidentified Suicide, Police Believe, Was a "Miss Herbert" from Montreal.

Although no identification has been made of the young woman whose body was found hanging on the second floor of a boarding house at No. 214 East One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street last evening, the police are of the opinion that she came here from Montreal, and that while in that city she was known as "Miss Herbert."

The boarding house, which is kept by Mrs. Ida Flosky, was entered by the young woman on Thursday evening. When her arm she carried a small package. She said little to Mrs. Flosky, and terms for the room were agreed on at once. She paid for the room in advance in Canadian money.

Mrs. Flosky did not see the woman again until last evening, and went to her room. Accompanied by James Korma, a New York Central engineer, she forced the door and there found her new boarder hanging from the bed post. She had been dead for hours and apparently had committed suicide soon after renting the room.

A paper which had covered the package she carried was on the floor and the belief is that it held only the rope with which she strangled herself.

The body was fully dressed in a Scotch plaid waist and black skirt. Her eyes were dark brown and her hair of brownish color. She was about twenty-six years old and weighed one hundred and thirty pounds.

In the woman's pocketbook were found a transfer of the Montreal Street Railway Company, dated Feb. 4, two dollars and a two-dollar Canadian bill and a three-cent Canadian piece.

The woman had every appearance of refinement. The body was sent to the morgue and the Montreal authorities communicated with.

**U. S. DISTRICT ATTORNEY  
HALL FOUND GUILTY.**

Former Government Official Is Convicted of Complicity in Butte Creek Land Frauds.

PORTLAND, Ore., Feb. 8.—Former United States District Attorney John H. Hall, indicted for conspiracy with the Butte Creek Land, Live Stock and Lumber Company, to maintain an alleged illegal fence which inclosed 2000 acres of public land in Wheeler County, was today found guilty.

The trial has been in progress since Jan. 15 and has been bitterly fought on both sides.

**ROYAL  
Baking  
Powder**

Absolutely Pure  
Made from Royal grape cream of tartar

**PEASE PIANO CO.**  
128 West 42d St.  
Near Broadway, New York.  
Brooklyn Branch, 457 Fulton St.  
Newark Branch, 10 New St.

**Greenhut and Company**  
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